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VOL VII.

WESTON, UMATILLA COUNTY, OREGON, JUNE 26, 1885.

NO. 28



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LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

—Fresh candies and Fourth of July goods at F. M. Pauly's.

—The crops around Adams give promise of a most bountiful yield.

—A nice line of candies and nuts at J. J. Banta & Co., Centerville.

—Mrs. W. B. Mays and children came up from Pendleton on a visit last week.

—Mayor White and Mr. McMorris have had their dwellings raised from the ground.

—Has the idea of building a Methodist church in Weston this summer been abandoned?

—Don't fail to call on J. J. Banta & Co., and get their prices on Machine Oils before you buy.

—Sheriff Martin offers \$200 reward for the capture and delivery at any jail this side of the Rockies of Indian Henry who murdered Hilton.

—Last Sunday a solemn stillness pervaded the town. The campmeeting on the mountain and the horse race(?) on the Reservation accounted for it.

—H. A. Nelson the Blue Mountain's first baseman went to Portland last week and will perhaps remain there permanently as a professional player.

—Mr. P. A. Worthington has just returned from a trip to his Willow creek farm. He reports all grain in the vicinity of Lexington and Penland Buttes as full of promise. The wheat is not so rank as in this neighborhood but it is healthy and headed out in good shape. Some fields will certainly make thirty bushels to the acre. Most of the wheat is too thin; and this will reduce the general average, which, all over that country, will be from seventeen to twenty bushels to the acre. Barley looks exceedingly well. Alfalfa has been tried in several places and gives promise of thriving fairly. The experiment of farming in the Willow creek country has proved a success. The present crop prospects are encouraging to the settlers and will give an enhanced value to farms in that part of the country. The LEADER rejoices in their prosperity.

—Many years ago, so the legend runs a party of army officers from Fort Walla Walla, accompanied by guides and servants, was journeying along the trail that then led to the Grande Ronde valley. The trail has almost disappeared. Many men in those days were full of the spirit of prospecting. The shovel and pan were their constant companions. The first fever of the mining excitement lingers still. It is no longer epidemic, but sporadic cases are not infrequent. The first night out the party camped on the summit of a range of hills somewhere between the Walla Walla river and the north fork of the Umatilla, and both these streams are here to this day. It was a dry camp. Not far from the halting place was a little lake, or what had formerly been a little lake. The exact location of this depression is not now definitely known. Near the rim of this basin one of the guides, who is dead at present, dug a prospect hole. He struck bedrock and found pay dirt of excellent quality. He filled his pan and carried it to camp. There being a scarcity of water, he carried it with him the next morning to the north fork of the Umatilla. Upon washing the dirt it panned out fourteen dollars, or some other great amount. The party was in the government service and could not return. It must have been during a Democratic administration. The party proceeded. In an encounter with Indians the man who dug the prospect hole was killed. He is still dead. Those were stirring times and he was probably soon forgotten, but his rich find was held in sacred remembrance by his surviving comrades. "Twice over thus. In a few years one or two of the party returned to this country. At least one of them settled here. He is here yet. It was remembered by these men that Florence, one of the richest camps on the coast, was located on just such an elevated basin as that on the Walla Walla trail that panned out so well. Prospecting parties were organized. The dry camp could not be found. The little lake was lost also. It persists in staying lost. But these men are industrious and persevering—at prospecting. The hills along the trail are full of prospect holes. The love of gold is potent in the human breast. Not a summer passes but some sanguine party prospects these hills. Many have tried and failed. But each year adds new recruits to the number of the faithful. He who formed one of the original party is as hopeful as ever. But looking for the last lake lacked one of the important elements of adventure. There was little or no danger attendant upon it. Prospecting parties—sometimes of gray headed men and sometimes of sturdy youths—used to sneak off as if ashamed of their avowed credulity. The scene of the search was close to civilization and this robbed the trip of much of its romance. The incidental murder of Hilton while on a prospecting trip has evidently added the element of danger to the uncertainty of riches. A fresh impetus has been given to the prospecting business. Besides, did not the Indians say that they knew where there was plenty of gold, and do we not know that the Redskins are great prospectors and that they never lie about such things? Here is a strong corroborator of the old story. Of course there must be gold in the hills, and who is afraid of Indians. The consequence of this logical course of reasoning is that the woods are full of prospectors. More than the usual amount of interest is being taken in the last lake. What will be the result? The writer has no talent to conceive and answers cordially that it is impossible to say.

HO FOR THE WOODS.

Out of the madding crowd,

Away from selfish care,

Away through the July glare;

What hope and promised peace,

In the stretch of the iron track,

To the north-land's wind-swept lakes,

And its hemlock shadows black.

Can't not a look behind

At the cornfields, waving black,

Or the white boat quivering o'er

The wheat-land's golden back;

And ne'er a backward thought

Of the pulsing, dusty ways,

Where thick walls must close in,

And thrall the burning days.

But on, with deep desire,

Where blue waves lap the shores

And jagged pines keep watch

By the white beach evermore;

Where Norway columns rise,

And lofty arches high

Murmurous as summer seas,

To north-land's violet sky.

There, where no axe hath cleft

In solitude profound

The sinuous trout streams run,

Darting the rocks around;

And by each tall pine's side

The red deer's antlers stand,

Mid flowering lily-pads,

Beyond its hoof marked sands.

When evening's sun sinks low,

In deeps of rose and gold,

When weird looms, shrills high,

And by each tall pine's side

When sweet the thickets' gloom,

And through the clear, crisp dusk,

The whizzing night-hawks roam—

Then pile the resinous logs

Till red flames flash the night,

And showers of sparks on high

Gleam like stars in the night.

As just erstwhile pass

From lip to lip with zeal,

Like children out of school—

Recline in careless rest.

Then think, in brief content,

Of summer's quivering heat,

And by each tall pine's side

And the pulsing, dusty street;

Fair gleams the forest tent

Against night's starry crown,

And sweet its homelike couch

As monarch's bed of down.

—MRS. M. E. BANTA, in Forest and Stream.

JACK'S ANCHOR.

Little Ray Edmonds, tripping down

stairs in the August twilight, saw a

dark figure sitting on the door step, and

hesitated with a vague sense of pity

stirring in her heart.

Ray and her father were boarding

for the summer with an old friend of

Mr. Edmonds, and the figure on the

step was that of their host's son, a wild

young fellow of twenty, tall, graceful

and handsome.

"Just now Jack Grey was in disgrace,"

having been ringleader in some wild

prank played in the neighboring town

a few days before.

Ray had been a silent listener when

Mr. Grey told her father that he could

put up with Jack's lawless ways no

longer, and so had procured him a berth

on board a merchant ship which would

sail on the following day for China.

To sixteen-year-old Ray, so loved and

petted by her father, this seemed a ter-

rible thing to be separated from home

and friends, to be sent to that strange,

far-away country for an indefinite

length of time; and so she paused in

the doorway and looked gravely at the

youth, who, with his hands clasped

against one knee and his dark head

thrown back against the door frame,

was staring upward with wide, bright

eyes, saying nothing and thinking un-

derstandable things.

There was a bitter curl on the proud

young lips.

Some unaccountable impulse moved

Ray to say softly:

"Do you remember your mother, Jack?"

His face flushed and his lips quivered

as he raised himself to his feet before

answering:

"Oh, yes, Miss Ray; I was ten years

old when she died."

He checked himself suddenly and be-

gan to move away from the door.

"Don't run away from me, Jack," the

girl exclaimed, going down the steps

after him. "I am sorry for you, truly. I

haven't any mother, you know, though

papa is as good to me as he can be."

"Your life is not to be compared to

mine," said the young fellow, harshly.

"My stepmother thinks I am a bad lot,

and I suppose I am. It would seem

queer enough to have any one speak

well of me. I know I don't deserve it."

"And why don't you try to deserve it?"

asked Ray, gently. "I have been think-

ing how badly your mother would

feel, were she alive, to know that you

were going so far away. Please don't

be angry, Jack—but I'm afraid you

haven't done just right, and I do think

you owe it to the memory of your moth-

er to be a good man."

Her faltering voice dropped into si-

lence here.

The mist was rolling up from the

shore, and the clear, solemn sound of

the fog-bell at the Head was borne to

their ears on the evening air.

The boy tossed the dark hair from

his forehead with a quick motion natu-

ral to him, as he bent toward the young

girl, who made a pleasant picture to

look upon, with her earnest eyes, her

fair clustering hair, and her slender,

white-robed figure.

"Miss Ray, do you hear that bell? It

warns all mariners from the rocks. I

have been near the rocks a good many

times in the last two or three years."

"He shivered slightly," and you are the

first person who has taken the trouble

to warn me to pity me. There are plenty

to blame, plenty to prophesy that I

shall go to the bad, and I know that I

have given them reason. But I loved

my mother—I loved my mother," he re-

iterated with a hungry emphasis. "I

have lain awake many a night wish-

ing for her—a weak, noisy, like me!"

and he looked down at his long limbs

half proudly. "Then the next day per-

haps